

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Dead By Design"

(feat. Professor Griff)

*[Professor Griff:]*

Canibus

Throwing melanated molotov cocktails  
Engineer directly out of Full Sail  
Ripping the jacker, ain't nobody nastier  
Spitting and grabbing facts and data to enhance ya  
Canibus the lyrical adjective killer

*[Canibus:]*

My Melatonin Magik is enhanced by the melatonin tablets  
Come take a walk with Canibus  
Ardipithecus Ramidus, what the fuck is Melatonin Magik Bis?  
I still ain't understanding this shit  
Okay, my brain is a microchip  
My two balls with a cane is a macro-dick, I rap so sick  
I created swine PLOO out of an infinite mix  
You tried to diss but can't even spit, you just stand there and wish  
With your hand on your hips, man you a bitch  
Who the fuck is you to criticize a lyrical king  
You see, that's my problem, I spit a thousand bars y'all was silent  
I ain't heard nothing about it  
I had to give you three years to recognize  
And then I realized, can't nobody even fuck with my rhymes  
The Internet is an early telepathic building set  
My lyrics are international nuclear missile threats  
The blogosphere is where you vent frustration and discontent  
But children don't understand the concept of consequence  
So yes, it's immature to express disrespect  
But no I will not accept what the media says  
They are the reason we are being mislead  
There are forces above them that feed off our stress, suffering and debt  
I am Dead by Design, 'cause nobody tells me what to rhyme  
I make up my own fucking mind  
There are more of us than them  
But at the same time they are gods and we are just mortal men  
Thirteen levels above 33, let me say it again  
They are gods and we are just mortal men  
I cannot imagine their power  
They put a black family in the White House just so they can take away ours  
You tryna to plan a great escape? You're a coward  
They gon' make us march into a gas chamber make us think we're taking a shower  
Mommies and babies is crying  
The children of Zion belong to Skynet, nobody knows who's behind it  
So if you don't care, fine then, I don't care either  
But I ain't spineless like you, I'm a true believer  
In the metaphysical ether, you listening to the lyrical reaper

The spiritual teacher, empirical speaker  
After this album they gon' call me a leader  
But I'm not, Killuminati just gon' murder me like Pac  
Blood sacrifice or not, I don't even wanna be alive  
If it's like that, then fuck Tiamat  
You can laugh at my appearance  
Well fuck you for standing there staring, fuck everything on this planet  
Including the evil spirits, notwithstanding the aliens  
Acting like they don't hear us, there's no need to fear us  
Just come down and help us, I love James Brown more than I love Elvis  
But that don't mean I'm selfish  
Soft but hard on the outside like shellfish  
Crispy, crunchy, black crawling out of Hell's pit  
You scream for hardcore, I felt it  
But what you gon' do when they kill me on some Eminem and L shit?  
You won't do a motherfucking thing  
'Cause let me tell you why, you a coward and you don't know shit  
'Cause if my Brothers stand next to me, the energy expands collectively  
The world was never ready for me  
And they ain't ready for their own freedom neither, they perish from the heater  
The fire breathers crawl out of their cage to eat 'em  
Like thin crust pizza, Cthulhu creatures with rough features  
Jeepers creepers, good luck with Jesus  
How many meters? Reload and squeeze it  
I run up in the Vatican with demons, just to get even  
That's where the biggest demon is  
It's no secret, but nobody else sees it, so they won't believe it  
But that's when I calm back down, the key word is back down  
I got possessed by my own raps, wow  
Knock knock, who's home? The black Dan Brown  
I didn't mean what I said, please don't kill me now  
My ghostwriter's not around, plus it was just a freestyle  
But at least I got better beats now  
Meanwhile, motherfuckers still mad, I feel bad  
I'd apologize but you acting like a real fag  
What the fuck I'm supposed to feel like?  
Twelve years later I still don't get acknowledged for shit that I write  
But I don't want to talk to you now  
It'd be a motherfucking miracle if you even see me walking around  
They still ask me about 'Second Round' even now  
*[Interviewers voice]* Canibus can you tell us of what happened again? - Look at this fucking clown  
Can't get over it, they ask me a loaded question  
And act like I'm the one that's promoted it, hang up on 'em  
You a cyborg unit with no soul to it  
Stupid surrogate, twelve years later I'm on some other shit  
And so is the whole world, look at the mother ships  
And so is the whole world, look at the mother ships

*[Professor Griff:]*

After this album they gon' call me a leader but I'm not  
The Illuminati just gon' kill me just like they did Pac  
Blood sacrifice or not  
It's Professor Griff the ex-minister

Signing out